



"By profession I am a soldier, and take pride in that fact; but I am prouder, infinitely prouder, to be a father. A soldier destroys in order to build; a father only builds, never destroys. The one has potentialities of death; the other embodies creation and life. While the hordes of death are mighty, the battalions of life are mightier still."—Gen DOUGLAS MacARTHUR.



For those who will not be *Mentally Marooned*



"Why don't they ration train travel?"

The answer is simple. *No one knows how!*

We should not confuse the two terms, *rationing* and *priorities*. To ration a commodity is to give each individual a fair share of the available supply. How can that be done in the case of railroad transportation? One individual may have no real necessity to travel by train, while the livelihood of another may depend upon almost continuous train travel.

To be quite frank about it, the carriers, in general, do not favor rationing of coach space, which would restrict them to selling only as many tickets as they have accommodations. As it stands now, coach trains with accommodations for 450 persons may regularly carry 900 or 1,000.

Pullman agents have, for the most part, made a sincere effort to apportion their space to accommodate the most pressing needs. One hears frequent references to a "Pullman black market" and there is undoubtedly some dirty work, but transportation men doubt the existence of an organized illegitimate mart.

In coach travel, an informal priority system obtains. Where seats are at a premium, most roads give preference to servicemen. These, in turn, usually see that mothers with young children are provided with seats—beyond that, it's a scramble.

It is not improbable that the priority system may be formalized and extended. But as to rationing: Well, if you know how it can be done successfully. Mr. Eastman would like to hear from you!

# WORLD WEEK

## Quote

### prophesies . . .

**ITALY:** Occupation of stepping-stone islands does not necessarily imply early invasion effort in Italy. When and if such attempt is made, we expect Nazis to concentrate defensive efforts in northern Italy, seeking to preserve industries and bar the path to German fatherland.

**LABOR:** It now appears that settlement of the UMW wage dispute will involve breaching the "Little Steel" formula set up by WLB. If this is done, avalanche of wage claims will follow, with paralyzing strikes increasingly probable. Further inflation appears on the way.

Repeatedly, in recent months, as Allied forces have demonstrated clear superiority in the air, the question has arisen, "Where is the *Luftwaffe*?"

Let's answer by posing a simple illustration:

A tough neighborhood gang is surrounded by minor groups. The tough boys have stored plenty of rocks, the other groups have few or none. Thus, the toughies can pounce at will upon any one of these factions and set them on the run. But time passes, the small groups begin accumulating a few rocks on their own account. No single group has as many rocks as the tough gang, but collectively they now have more strength. And before the toughies sense what has happened, they've lost their freedom of movement. They can no longer concentrate their rock barrage on one group, lest the others gang up and demolish them. At the same time, they must divide their rock pile, to be prepared for attack by any faction, or combination.

That is precisely what has happened to the once-powerful *Luftwaffe*. It is now divided into five *Luftflotten*, located, roughly, as follows: No. 1, northern Russia; No. 2, the Mediterranean coast; No. 3, western Europe and defense of German homeland; No. 4, southern Russia; No. 5, Norway, Finland, the Murmansk-Archangel route.

Spread thus thinly, the *Luftwaffe* can hardly afford adequate protec-

tion against concentrated attack. Nor can they bring reserves to any one front without dangerously weakening another.

**JAPAN:** Despite current setbacks in China, there are competent observers who believe that Japan's goal may be to knock China out of the war this yr, and that the combined resources and ingenuity of Allies may be needed to prevent it.

**RUSSIA:** It appears probable that Salesman Davies did not get Stalin's signature on the dotted line. In speaking, rather loosely, of "our Russian allies" it is well to bear in mind that Russia is not, in any signatory sense, allied with us. She is not at war with the Axis. It simply happens that, in Europe, we are both battling the Nazi forces.

**WAR'S END:** Churchill tells British industrialists that end of European war is "just around the corner" and they had best hurry post-war plans. Barring internal collapse, best prospect for early termination (i.e., next spring) appears to be crippling of Ruhr industries by fall to point where they cannot support a defensive war.

**ARGENTINA:** We should bear in mind that revolution was essentially on domestic issues, but it seems reasonable to assume a more co-operative attitude from Ramirez gov't. Don't expect too much, too soon.

# Quote

"He Who Never Quotes, is Never Quoted"—Charles Haddon Spurgeon

"If England wins, we are losers; if Germany wins, we are lost."—Edw D KLEINLERER, INS correspondent, quoting prevailing sentiment in Italy.

"We are ready and waiting for your would-be second-fronters. Every man landing on European soil with arms in his hands will end up either in a coffin or in a prison camp." — German broadcast, reported by United Press.

"I still don't know much about gardens. Right now, I've got to learn about hook-worms, or is it cut-worms?"—MARY PICKFORD, announcing that the lawn at Pickfair has been plowed for vegetable planting.

"It's easy for a sailor to borrow." LAWRENCE Edw SMITH, 18-yr-old deserter from Norfolk Navy Yard. AWOL for 5 mo's, he explained that he was able to borrow all the money he needed for living expenses.

"Isn't it wonderful? Thirty-five gals with metal gadgets in their hands, and not one of them welding or riveting!"—LOU SIDNEY, upon signing Phil Spitalny and his girl band for a Metro musical.

"You feel as big as a barn with bullets whizzing by you."—Pvt BEN ALLEN, of Winchester, Ky, describing lively action on Attu ridge.

"Gardening is a disease, like drink—but more constructive."—Mrs SIGFRIED ROSENTHAL, N Y, consultant to Victory Gardeners.

"May we  
Quote  
you on that?"

"For the first time in yrs, sightseers will get a chance to sight and see."—FRANK SNELL, of Colo Springs, Col, who is reviving the horse-drawn Brewster coach for tourist service.

"I felt like nothing should stop the production of war materials."—HILDA BUTLER, Atlanta munitions worker, who was married on the assembly line of Murray Co, in presence of fellow workers.

"It seems inevitable that the place of the dominant power in Eastern Europe will in future be filled by Russia. If this is a fact, the sooner we recognize it the better. If we are wise, we will welcome it."—ALFRED DUFF-COOPER, former Minister of Information, British Gov't.

"I say the statement of this labor leader is a cruel blasphemy of the most sacred right of free labor guaranteed under the labor relations act."—Sen ROB'T F WAGNER, author, labor relations act, answering John L Lewis asserting that WLB action was a violation of the Wagner act's guaranty of collective bargaining rights.

"Sheriff Biggs contended that the poll-tax barrier would threaten Tenn with Republican rule."—N Y Times.

"Three yrs of war have not given great or immediately evident results for Italy's arms."—A Rome broadcaster, commenting on 3rd anniversary of Italy's entry into war.

"The choice, place and time for striking are now ours. Secret information to us says the feeling in Tokio and Berlin is akin to ours after Pearl Harbor."—Sec'y FRANK KNOX, addressing graduating class at Annapolis.

"When it gets down to forcing unnecessary restrictions on the American people, you will have to get a new boy. I'm not going to do that job."—WM JEFFERS, Rubber Administrator.

"Landing barges and other equipment will be on hand for each operation as needed."—Brig-Gen DAN'L NOCE, amphibious war expert, U S forces.

"Viola! Soon we need no dishwashers at all"—AMIET, Swiss chef at Chicago's Palmer House, commenting on way patrons are cleaning their plates.

"We all have the feeling at Pearl Harbor that if the Jap is happy to die for his Emperor, we want to do all we can to make him happy."—Capt JOHN B KAUFMAN, U S Navy Medical Corps, stationed at Hawaii.

Quote

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#### What Goes On?

PAUL MALLON

Is Hitler at the end of his rope? Is the big break in the war in Europe a matter of wks or mo's, instead of promised yrs?

New portents raise these questions. The German radio bleats a new tune, claiming the speechless Mr. Hitler need not have an offensive this summer in Russia; that the Reich has switched to the defensive. Along the same line, Swedish correspondents report Lt-Col Kurt Diemar broadcasts that blitz warfare is over, with Hitler switching to the defensive on all fronts.

Only a few wks ago, Hitler in person was blatantly advertising what he would do to Russia in his next offensive. He was accumulating men, planes, material for it, he said.

All thru the long winter, he kept a bridgehead in the Caucasus at heavy expense in lives and guns, solely as an offensive threat, to try again for the oil he failed to reach last yr. Other army moves suggested a strike at Moscow, head of Soviet power.

It is significant that Hitler kept pushing men and material into Tunisia right up to the very end. This loss, two months ahead of expectation, may well have upset his Russian calculations.

There are other good reasons for detecting a major internal German defeat behind the Berlin radio's new propaganda line. Swiss and Swedish correspondents speak of disruption of Nazi industry due to recent bombings.

For the present, this apparent turn of affairs must be held under a question mark. But unless Germany shows an offensive in Russia by mid-June, it will be accepted everywhere as a conclusive fact, which heralded the final turn of the war.—Abridged from Mr. Mallon's syndicated newspaper feature.

#### COMMONPLACE

Who would pause to look at a rainbow every morning? The wonder which comes often, or is plentifully about us, is soon taken for granted.—C S SHERRINGTON, *Man on His Nature*.

#### COMMUNISM

In a southern community I asked how a certain program to build up the family-size farm could be termed "communistic".

An observer replied, "Well, around here, communism's anything you don't like."—JOHN DOS PASSOS, "The People at War", *Harpers*, 6-'43.

" "

Neighbor of ours was recently interviewed by a G-man who wanted to know everything our friend could tell him about a certain artist. The conversation kept touching on the question of whether he might be a communist.

"For heaven's sake" said our friend, "what makes you think he's a communist?"

"We have reason to suspect" said the G-man confidentially "that he's a Cubist."—*New Yorker*.

#### COURTESY

"If you think our tellers are discourteous" reads a sign in a bank lobby, "you should see our cashier."—*Printers' Ink*.

#### EDUCATION

Anybody with a tar-paper memory can get a degree, but not many are ever educated.—BASCOM ANTHONY, *Wesleyan Christian Advocate*.

#### HORTICULTURE—and War

In the bomb craters of London, almost a hundred plants unseen in those areas for a century, popped up this spring. It is assumed that the seeds had lain deep in the ground for generations, and had germinated when exposed to the air by shells.

The most celebrated of these revivals is one called the London rocket, a species of mustard. It made a luxuriant growth after the great fire of 1666—and then disappeared.—*Chicago Tribune*.

#### The Silver Cord

Daniel O'Keefe, able seaman, says he saw it. He saw the four chaplains stop them, talk to them, and then deliberately take off the belts that would have given them survival, and adjust the belts on the olive-drab soldiers. Then, when there was no other living soul to help, the four chaplains knelt together in prayer. The life-rafts drifted away, and left them there.

Look at them there, all ye who are saying that Jesus Christ is dead! Look at them, and lift your faces and lay hold upon the silver cord and know that hope did not die on Calvary, that there are still among us, as leaven from heaven, men made in the mold of the Christ. . .

When the moment came, they took the cup as He took it. And because they did that, four boys will some day come back from this horror to settle down again in four little towns in Texas, or New York, or Idaho and live forever in the shadow of a golden cloud out of which will come a still voice whispering, "You live because they were lost." Or they may say with Barabbas, "That's my cross he's on!"—*Christian Herald*.—"The Silver Cord," 7-'43.

#### HOSPITALITY

On the occasion of Prime Minister Churchill's most recent visit to America, *London Chronicle* ran a cartoon showing Pres Roosevelt handing a key to Churchill, "Take this" said the Pres, "it will save you trouble of knocking."

#### IGNORANCE—of Classics

A Hollywood agent wrote to Wm Makepeace Thackeray, advising him that there were screen possibilities in *Henry Esmond*, and asking authority to handle the screen rights.

And there's the case of the producer who wanted to sign Goethe as a screen writer; and the auditor at RKO studio who reported the cost budget on a screen version of *Hamlet* was incomplete because it did not include payment to the author.—ALVA JOHNSTON, "Hollywood Ten-Percenter" *Strand* (London).

## Salute to Pop

Someone has observed that reading the new book by H ALLEN SMITH, *Life in a Putty-Knife Factory* (Doubleday, \$2) is like riding on a roller coaster. For those who, in their literature seek frequent change of pace, it may be said that this work is virtually a procession of paces. It ranges from riotous nonsense to shrewdly profound philosophy, with here and there a poignant bit of reminiscence—as in this excerpt which we present in dual honor of Father's Day and the fact that Mr. Smith's new opus this wk clambered up on the Best-Seller list:

Not so long ago, during a Christmas shopping season, I remembered something out of my childhood, something involving Pop's inventiveness. I was in the most famous toy store in America, and I was marveling at the ingenuity of the men who fashion our modern playthings. Watching these things whirr and whizz and click and clack, I agreed that the toymakers were clever—but never so clever as Pop.

At Christmas, when I was a kid, we managed to get a few toys, purchased out of Pop's pay-envelope or contributed by relatives. By mid-January we had broken them beyond hope, traded them off, or thrown them at a cat. The rest of the year we had to depend on our own ingenuity for play things.

Pop was a man who enjoyed reading his newspaper in peace each evening—those evenings when he didn't have shoes to repair or furniture to fix. Peace and quiet, in a house containing eight or nine children and a dog, is well-nigh unthinkable. He tried yelling at us, but you can't quiet that many younguns by yelling. Maybe for a few minutes, but then the leapfrog and the pillow fights and the quarreling start all over again.

One evening six or seven of us were creating the usual bedlam and

Pop was trying to read his newspaper. At last he had an idea. He took a penny out of his pocket, got down on the floor, and began to rub the coin vigorously back and forth on the rug. All of us gathered about him. He rubbed the penny for several minutes, then held it up for us to see. One side of it glistened as it hadn't glistened since it left the mint.

Pop then handed each of us a penny and set us to work. We rubbed those pennies until they shone like bright gold, and we were quiet about it too. When we had given a glitter to both sides of our coins we took them proudly to Pop. He received each one, examined it on either side, and in each case grinned and said:

"Hm-m-m-m, Bee-youtiful!"

Then he put the pennies back in his pocket.

For a time after that, whenever the tumult grew great, Pop would summon us to his chair, give us each a penny, and say:

"Go shine."

This assured him at least a half-hour of quiet. He always took the pennies back, but one day he made the mistake of letting us keep them. From then on he realized that it would break our hearts if he took them back. He had to invent a new game.



Something Has Happened to Hitler — BURNET HERSHAY, *Liberty*, 5-29-'43.

(The author, foreign correspondent since '15, and president, Overseas Press Club, recently ret'd from Lisbon, where he repeatedly heard stories about Hitler that seemed worth publishing.—Editor).

No one has really seen Hitler publicly since early last Nov. In March, Hitler addressed his people by radio—if the lifeless, oddly restrained voice was his. But whether or not life has expired from that miserable body — something has happened to Hitler.

There are mounting cumulations of evidence to suggest that Hitler is no longer physically capable to administer the Reich. One points to the violent shake-up inside Germany. Authority now appears centered in Dr Goebbels, outspoken enemy of Himmler, head of Hitler's dreaded Secret Police. That Goebbels dares the vengeance of the SS, makes it all but certain that Himmler no longer rules it. This would not be the case if Hitler's word controlled the Nazi Party.

Nearly every physician who has treated the Fuehrer has predicted that in time his split personality would become completely dissociated, and he would no longer be able ever to distinguish reality from his dream world.

According to very credible accounts given me in Lisbon, Hitler "went to pieces" at his military headquarters last Nov. He was whisked away to Berchtesgaden, where Gen. Jodl, formerly his military adviser, is now stationed with him as an observer for German Gen'l Staff.

German militarism is not likely to collapse at Hitler's breakdown or even at his death. But the fact that the old Hitler—who foresaw a Germanized world for 1000 yrs—no longer exists is a sure portent of our coming victory.

## ILLNESS—Spiritual

We have handed the body over to the doctor, the mind to the psychiatrist, and the soul to the minister, treating these parts as separate entities. They are not separate. Life is a whole.

A pastor friend mine, being examined by an able physician, remarked, "Doctor, I wish I had the equipment for dealing with people that come to me as you have for dealing with those who come to you." The doctor replied, "Forty percent of the people who come to me should not have gone past you." —E STANLEY JONES, *Abundant Living* (Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.)

## The American Way

The American people don't want uniform styling and pricing, nor do they want mere cheapness. They want ample choices, ample freedom, ample variety. Our congress costs us a lot more than a dictatorship would cost, but look at the risk we run in preferring mere cheapness to fairness and freedom and individual opportunity—C T HABEGGER, 40 yrs a mid-west mfrgr, addressing a Congressional committee on the subject of grade-labeling and standardizing.

## News of the New

**ARMY:** The two-way post card is a novelty now offered to make correspondence easier for service men. Civilian correspondent uses upper half of a folded card. Upon receipt, soldier tears off that half, writes his reply on lower portion, and returns it. Civilian pays one-cent postage; soldier, of course, sends his reply free.

Smallest canopener yet devised weighs 1/5 oz; may be carried on keyring, is now being supplied to servicemen thru Quartermaster's dep't.

" "

**COFFEE:** A Brazilian chemist reports a method of removing oil and salts from coffee, concentrating the essence into tablets that can be dissolved in hot water and served. This is said to be an advantage over powdered coffee which has a tendency to absorb moisture and lose flavor. If this is practicable, and commercial plants can be erected in coffee-growing areas, transportation problem should be automatically solved. It is not likely, however, that much can be done in this direction until after the war.

" "

**MEDICINE:** Penicillin, the most powerful germicide yet known, to which we first directed your attention last Nov, is now being widely featured in public prints. Sixteen pharmaceutical houses produce it, but there will probably be none for public until war's end. Entire output goes to Army and Navy. It is used for types of gonorrhea which resist sulfa drugs.

Lay press has been considerably excited by accounts of a new "anti-sneeze" solution which, sprayed in a room, is said to destroy all cold germs. Although Dr Oswald Robertson, of Chicago, has won election to American Academy of Sciences for his research and report, medical men display caution in accepting revolutionary solution.

A new sulfa drug, with 4 times germ-checking power in intestinal infections, has been reported to Society for Pharmacology and Experimental Therapeutics. Frequent dosage has not resulted in toxic symptoms. Product called phthalylsulfa-thiazole.

## Fathers of Freedom

Show me a country where every man is a father, and every father is the owner of his own land, where every house is a home, where around each fireside is the influence of song and a mother's face, visions dropped from the benedictions of God; show me a land sacred and secure in the valor of such citizenship, ruling themselves by the grand principles of intelligent and patriotic equality of all men, and I will show you a patriotism which the allied armies and navies of a hundred worlds like this would never destroy. A man will die for the home he loves, and in death will tell his boy to take the sword from his dying hand.—JOHN E BURTON.

## INVENTION

"There are many little things" a young officer on Guadalcanal wrote to his family, "that if invented would make life here a good deal more palatable:

1. A pocket - size collapsible bomb shelter.
2. Self-darning socks.
3. A self-bailing bomb-shelter.
4. A steel helmet with a built-in washing machine."—*This Week*.

## MARRIED LIFE

"If I had my time over again" counseled a meditative maiden lady of advanced yrs, "I'd get married before I had sense enough not to."—*Townsend Nat'l Weekly*.

## OCCUPIED COUNTRIES

The Polish children today play a new game.

The terror has become familiar to them. In the streets of suburbs, in courtyards, everywhere outdoors when Germans are not in sight, the children play in two groups. One group with wooden sticks for rifles is the firing squad. The other, and the children are usually most eager to belong to it, lines up by a wall to be shot. As the "officer" gives the command to fire, the children by the wall cry, "Long Live Poland!" as they sink to the ground. —*Poland Fights*.

Confidentially  
thru a  
Megaphone

Now that flood waters are abating, midwest has the jitters over malaria-carrying mosquito, said to be breeding abundantly in stagnant pools left by the overflow.

Britain, nearing 4th anniversary of war, is gravely concerned over threatened moral disintegration, highlighted by rising divorce rate. Last yr's divorce total was nearly double the peacetime average, and the rate continues upward. Addressing Bishops of the Convocation of Canterbury, Rev C M Chavasse charges Britain is "on the verge of a sex war when decent young women declare it is unsafe to be out with 11 men out of 12, and young men are beginning to look upon all women as potential prostitutes."

Two Washington ladies who are getting in each other's hair something scandalous are Mrs Philip L Crowlie, the "typical housewife" hired by Lou Maxon, new OPA publicity man, and Miss Mary Anderson, of Woman's Bureau of Labor Dep't. Mrs. Crowlie opposes any suggestion that workers in heavy industries should get an extra meat ration, taking an unrealistic "let-'em-eat-cake" attitude, or, "It is essential that diets be adjusted within prescribed rationing limits." Miss Mary, opposing, says you can't adjust 2 lbs to make it do the work of three and that miners can't dig much coal on a diet of lettuce. OPA has given in to extent of granting extra meat ration to workers in heavy industries "far from population centers." Theory: such workers cannot supplement meats-fats rations with fish, poultry and eggs.

The Germans, defeated in Tunisia, handed over 1,000 guns and 250 tanks in perfect condition—more than the British army had altogether in France in 1940.

Ironical note from Hollywood: Al Jolson, who sought to play himself in film depicting his life story has been turned down by Columbia execs. They say he isn't the type!

## OPTIMISM

One morning, Thad Sherod's store in Keosauqua, Ia burned to the ground. And Thad had neglected to renew his fire insurance.

Later in the morning, a neighboring tradesman met Thad, whistling, on the street and, wishing to express sympathy, as midwesterners do, without blowing his top off about it, slapped Thad on the shoulder and said, "Hi, fellow—how's things going?"

"Fine" said Thad, "fine. I had breakfast, and it ain't time for dinner yet."—PHIL STONG, Iowa novelist, in an article for Scripps-Howard syndicate on crop conditions in the midwest.



To understand the world is better than to condemn it; to study the world is better than to abuse it; to make the world better, lovelier and happier is the noblest work of any man or woman.

The measure of a man's life is the well-spending of it, and not the length.—PLUTARCH.

## PATRIOTISM

A man approached a regional office of Dogs for Defense, leading a large, rather vicious-looking canine. "This here dog" he explained, "goes around biting people. I figured he might as well be patriotic and do his biting for Uncle Sam."

## PRAYER—Answered

We are learning again that prayer does work for the individual. Where I have been, in the Southwest Pacific, it's got to.

Lt Frank Beeson lay in our base hospital, a gaping shell wound in his shoulder. "He'll never fly again" doctors said. "I will fly" said Frank quietly. "I asked the Lord to make me well enough to rejoin my squadron." A few wks

## American Scene

The Show That Has  
No Ticket-Taker

WAYNE ADAMS

Biggest thing in show business today—with productions from coast to coast, from Africa to Australia—has no box office, because you can't pay to get in. Fact is, you stay-at-homes can't see these productions at all. They are the USO-Camp Shows, a \$4 million a yr outfit that sends everything from hoofers to symphonies out to entertain boys in the services. They see that soldiers, sailors, marines and coast guard have fun.

On the top floor of an office bldg in N Y, R Victor Leighton celebrates nearly a half century in show business by keeping tab on 90 shows at camps thruout the country. He's booking agent for the entire circuit of shows made up in N Y, Chicago and Hollywood.

Leighton is pressing 70, but there's not a gray hair on his head, and he's a human timetable of train, plane and bus schedules. He's putting to work for the USO-CS his yrs of booking experience with A H Woods and Klaw & Erlanger. In the winter season just closed, he kept three circuits going, involving nearly 1,000 performers. By trains, busses and jeeps they toured 1500 camps and naval stations, pausing wherever they could find an audience of 200 boys.

later, he was on his way back for more dog-fights.

I know of men lost and starving who were found after asking God to help. Of men shot from bombers who literally "prayed their way" back to base. From friends in the Navy I have heard how prayer steered rescuers unerringly to tossing lifeboats. I know, too, that appeals uttered by mothers, wives, sweethearts, stretched a protective mantle half around the globe to shield us in the So Pacific.—Chaplain WM C TAGGART, "Your Prayers Are Answered" *American*, 7-43.

Variety shows, with chorus girls, a comedian, magician or juggler, make the biggest hit. There were 22 musical troupes on the road this winter, and this program is being enlarged. Top musicals carry four men for an orchestra made up of musicians at camp.

USO has given a degree of stability to show business. Actors and singers are paid about half what they might get along Broadway—but it's steady work. They are glad to sign for less where there's a chance of a year's run.

Salaries are topsy-turvy. A top-flight movie or radio star, accustomed to \$1,000 a wk, gets nothing, or what amounts to nothing to the star—\$10 a day "expenses." Many stars give their time here and overseas. Joe E Brown's tour of the South Pacific is a notable instance.

Less fortunate entertainers, without the star's bankroll, are paid regular salaries, although below the scale they usually get. Thus the stars may be working for \$10 a day in the same act with talent that gets ten times as much. Chorus girls get the \$50-a-wk minimum.

An old-timer himself, Leighton prefers to put veteran troopers on the long, hard road they must cover. He admits they take a tough beating on the circuit, but adds, "I figure they don't take as bad a beating as the boys in there fighting, so I tell them to keep going and quit squawking."—*Chicago Sun*.

## PRIORITY

A priority is something which gives you an option to ask for something which you know you are not going to get anyhow.—HENRY J KAISER, Jr, son of Pacific shipbuilder.

## SERVANT PROBLEM

We hear of a women's bridge club that continues to meet on Wednesday afternoons, as usual—but not to play bridge. They take turns about cleaning each other's houses!

# GEMS FROM Yesteryear

Father's Day in  
New Atlantis  
FRANCIS BACON

Sir FRANCIS BACON's account of the *fabulous land of the future* is significant for our day because the author anticipates a strikingly large number of recent inventions and discoveries. The modern father, however, will hardly recognize himself in the exalted position accorded the male parent in Atlantis.

One day there were two of our company bidden to a Feast of the Family, a most pious and reverend custom. This is the manner of it.

On the feast day, the Father, or *Tirsan*, cometh forth after divine service into a large room, with all his generation or lineage, the males before him, and the females following him. When the *Tirsan* is come forth, he sitteth down in the chair; and all the lineage place themselves against the wall, in order of yrs.

Then the herald, with three curtseys, cometh up and taketh into his hand the scroll. This is the king's charter, containing gifts of reviewen, and many privileges, exemptions and points of honor. It is styled and directed: *To such an one our well-beloved friend and creditor* which is a title proper only in this case. For they say the king is debtor to no man, but for propagation of his subjects.

This charter the herald readeth aloud, delivering it duly unto the hand of the *Tirsan*. The herald delivereth also unto the Father, or *Tirsan*, a cluser of grapes, which is of gold, both the stalk and the grapes. The grapes are in number as many as are descendants.

After the ceremony, the *Tirsan* retireth; and after some time cometh forth again to dinner, where he sitteth alone. He is served only by his own children, such as are male. Toward the end of dinner, there is an hymn sung in praise of Adam and Noah and Abraham; whereof the former two peopled the world, and the last was the Father of the Faithful. It concludes with a hymn for our Saviour, in whose birth all are blessed.

# Good Stories YOU CAN USE...

A priest had a tamed parrot who had learned to speak Latin. One day the parrot disappeared. Sometime later the priest was sent on a Jesuit mission to the interior of the Amazonas.

One day, when the priest was deep in the forest, he heard mysterious voices in Latin. He listened attentively. To his amazement he discovered it was the celebration of a solemn mass.

"Dominus vobiscum . . ." said one voice.

"Et cum spiritu tuo . . ." answered another voice.

The priest looked in to a nearby tree, saw his escaped parrot, proudly perched among hundreds of other parrots he had converted to Catholicism. — RAYMUNDO MAGALHAES, *The Pan-American*.

### I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE

FRED HARTLEY, JR

New Jersey Congressman

I have used this introduction, with appropriate variations, and it is always good for a hearty laugh:

"There is an old Chinese proverb which says that wherever an uncle kisses his nephew for the first time, there shall he gain special attainment. For instance, should he kiss his nephew on the forehead, the child will become a great thinker; on the throat, a great singer. . . Now, I don't know where Bob Smith's uncle kissed him for the first time, but he certainly has made a wonderful chairman."

"Why do you call your dog 'Swindler'?"

"Oh, for the fun of it. When I call to him on the street, half the men almost jump out of their skins!"

The star involved shall be nameless, but the story is too good to keep. This spring he decided, for the good of his country to put in a Victory garden. He bought the two adjoining lots, had them blancketed with 74 truckloads of fertile soil; hired a full-time gardener to do nothing but grow vegetables.

Daily, he stood on the sidelines, orating to the gardener on the seriousness of the times, the need for each to do his full share. Finally, one afternoon, the gardener paused in his labors, gathered his implements. "You've convinced me" he said grimly. "I think you're right. It's time to get down to work, seriously. I think I'll be doing the country more good in an airplane factory than growing your vegetables. I'm leaving."

The garden is now over-run with weeds and the actor is directing his eloquence to the task of hiring a new gardener.—JIMMIE FIDLER.

### WISECRACKS of the Week

What a pity human beings can't exchange problems. Everyone knows exactly how to solve the other fellow's —OLIN MILLER.

" Among the spring's peculiar happenings has been the death of a Nazi gen'l from natural causes. It is to be assumed the Gestapo will get to the bottom of this.—Sen SOAPER.

I had the nicest dream last night" announced little Barbara, at breakfast. Duly urged, she continued: "I dreamed that everything I said was important." — *Parents' Magazine*.

